Whose roofs as low as ours ! Stoop, boys[5]: This gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[6] through And keep their impious turhands on [7], without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven ! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

GUI. Hail, heaven !

ARV. Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off. And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: This service is not service, so being done, But being so allowed[8]: To apprehend thus,

s — STOOP boys:] The old copy reads—'Sleep, boys :—from whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—Stoop, boys—as that word affords an apposite Introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—See, boys,—which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

[6] — may JET —] i. e. strut, walk proudly. So, in Twelfth Night: " — how *he jets* under his advanced plumes." STEEVENS.

7^-Their impious turbands on J The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

[8] THIS service is not service, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the accep tance of the act. JOHNSON,

As this seems to be intended by Belarius as a general maxim,